

RESTORATION

Vol. III.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—OCTOBER, 1950

No. 11

Nuns Should Demand Sanctity of Pupils

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Sister—Here I am with my second letter to you. And again awe takes hold of me. For I have asked myself a very pertinent question. WHAT IS A NUN? The answer comes . . . multiplied . . . like a torrent of sparkling water that reflects the sun, the sky, and the trees, or the burning stars and the moon. Each separately and yet somehow all melting together into the reflection of God.

A Nun is a diamond with many facets. She is a woman in love with God. She is a saint in the making. She is a creature in search of the strong meat of the saints. Could it be possible that you find them listless because YOU do not give them what they want, or because you ask TOO LITTLE OF THEM . . . NOT TOO MUCH?

True, they should have received much from their homes. For the school, from grades to a Ph.D., exists only as an extension of the home. It never was made to replace it. But in our dark times—which are dark because the heart of its tragedy is THE LOSS OF HOME TO GOD—someone must take the place of that secularized home . . . someone must break the vicious circle and restore youth to Christ, thus ensuring that the homes of tomorrow will be His.

So It Begins

So in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, here goes.

You tell me you are worried about the state of the world . . . especially the state of youth that the Lord has placed in your charge. You tell me you are bewildered by their attitudes to life, that you hardly can understand them, that the hardest thing you have to do these days is to bring youth to God. There seems to be, you say, a strange apathy in them toward things spiritual.

Oh, they learn well enough the letter of the law, but somehow the spirit escapes them. And you are asking me why, and what can be done about it.

Frankly, I am astonished at your finding this state of affairs. For I have ascertained that the contrary is true! — that modern Catholic youth will journey thousands of miles to seek God and His truth. That they will not hesitate to make immense sacrifices, financially and personally, to get to the places they think will give them the fullness of both. They want just that — THE FULLNESS OF GOD AND HIS TRUTHS.

No Substitutes

They do not want any of it watered down. They do not want any of it "adapted" to wordly prudence. They do not want any of it diluted with sickly sweet "piety" that has nothing to do with the true austere piety of utter love.

They are sick and tired of sentimentality. They refuse to eat pap . . . they beg for

Nun Has A Major Role

And that someone is you. The parish, the Lay Apostolate, and you, are the three who can do it. Yours is a major role in that restoration, because you have youth for the longest time, in matter of years, and also in matter of hours per diem.

And you can do it. You . . . A WOMAN PASSIONATELY, COMPLETELY IN LOVE WITH GOD . . . can teach others how to love your Love utterly. YOU, A SAINT IN THE MAKING, can be a guide to young feet on the royal road to Christ. YOU, A CREATURE IN SEARCH OF HER CREATOR . . . can take youth on that search too. YOU, A PILGRIM OF THE ABSOLUTE, can lead others on the same pilgrimage.

YOU, A SONG, can fill the heart of youth with music. YOU, A FLAME, can set other hearts on fire. YOU, THE SPOUSE OF THE CRUCIFIED, can better than anyone else, make of youth "fools for Christ's sake."

YOU, THE GARDEN OF THE FATHER, can water his "little flowers." YOU, THE DELIGHT OF THE HOLY GHOST, can make Him known to others. YOU, MARY'S COMPANION, can teach youth how to pray. YOU, MARTHA'S HELPER, can show them how love serves.

Yes . . . YOU can do all these things. In fact, you must, if you are to be true to your vocation.

Why then are you afraid to do so?

Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

"As Time marches on and industrial progress reaches out into the hinterland, great changes are mooted for Madawaska." A way back fourteen years ago we wrote this as a news item for the local weekly. "The whole village will be razed or moved to a new location. Three churches and cemeteries; two schools and respective auditoriums, three service stations, stores, a hotel, a railroad divisional point, and all appurtenances, will disappear, as well as some fifty dwellings, which will be expropriated by the Hydro Commission of Ontario, demolished, or moved to higher ground. A six or seven million dollar project is now in preliminary preparation. When carried through, a large dam at the foot of Bark Lake, will form a reservoir for a big power plant, at High Falls down the Madawaska River.

Thus the hand of man



changes even the face of the earth.

"Old-timers, hunters, fishermen, lumbermen as well as local residents experience a pang of sadness on hearing of such great changes."

Memorable Past

But that was fourteen years ago . . .

Today Hydro developments have effectively blotted out the marks of a past that is soul-stirring and memorable.

The blue water of picturesque Bark Lake (once traversed by several generations of red men, missionaries, lumbermen and settlers) has (Continued on Page Three)

A Spellbound Visitor Leaves Us Spellbound

By Paul Gerald

Have you ever wished to visit Madonna House? So did I. One day I did. Madonna House is a house of opening doors. Some are opened for you. Eddie Doherty opened the first one and introduced me to Catherine, his wife, who made me acquainted with the ten or so young people present. I felt very much at home. Very much different than I had expected to feel upon coming face to face for the first time with "the great Eddie Doherty," and his wife, the fabulous Baroness de Hueck.

And the funny thing is that the longer I stayed, the greater that newspaperman became and the more fabulous the Baroness—and yet I still felt very much at home. What's the answer?

I don't pretend to be good at riddles but perhaps this riddle has been solved already in a different way. May I tell you about it?

Woman Responsible

I know a woman, a wife and a mother, who taught school in Brooklyn for a long time—past what is considered (although I don't know why) the marriageable age. She was maybe, thirty-six when she married. However, that is the postscript or maybe you would say "the Hollywood finish" to the story. Before that she was a Director of a Friendship House in the U.S.A. province; that is, she was the one responsible for seeing that the way of life known as F.H. ran along smoothly.

Maybe you can imagine how difficult this is, but respectfully, I doubt it. No director, no matter how detached, can escape the tensions that tear at the souls upon whom rests the responsibilities to provide for—to see to it—to make the decision—to encourage or to discourage—and always to understand and serve and persevere in serving without ever knowing if that service may be fruitful. But strangely, this woman never wavered. From the night she walked in on the B. and confronted her with the question: "Are you real or are you phony?" her actions were calmly certain, confident, positive.

Learns A Truth

See it now? In both cases a truth was ascertained. Despite the fact; or if you wish; because of the fact—it doesn't matter—that these two persons are strong personalities; they are also very real.

What happened to me was that I shed that protective shell I wore in anticipation of being dwarfed by them. I wasn't dwarfed, I was drowned.

But I'm forgetting that perhaps you know the Dohertys. I don't have to tell you that they are real—but can you tell me what makes them real?

Their eyes are a clue. The Irishman's are blue; beguilingly, exasperatingly, in-

quiringly blue. The Russian's do not permit categorization. You notice them of course, but you don't remember what color they are. At least I don't. You are too busy listening to them! They say things. They put force into meanings.

They see Christ in you! For twenty years they have seen Christ in people. Not just in the economically submerged; not just in the Negro; not just in priests and nuns—but in everyone. In you and me.

Fascinating, He Says

Tell me I've been spellbound. OK; I'm spellbound. She's very fascinating you know, and as I said, fabulous; and by her own admission, knows all the tricks of an itinerant lecturer.

But tell me—why was she starving and freezing down on Toronto's Portland Street during the hungry thirties? And, in Harlem, what was it that enabled her to endure and overcome the persecution, the active hatred of enemies, and the patronizing contempt of hypocritical friends? What makes the Director and Staff Workers of this branch of F.H. still carry on the struggle for inter-racial justice on behalf of the Negro?

When it began in Harlem, policemen patrolled the district in threes. It took more than courage to go into that district. Natural virtues—human kindness or brotherliness would be not enough. They would help, to be sure. A sense of humor helps. A sound physique and certain natural abilities are good. But to put it over and to stick it out calls for more than this. It calls for that for which you usually call a person "real". Because it's a reality that does it. It's hard to talk about, because we must live in the world and the world is our enemy.

Typhoid Mollies

We are affected, or infected, by insidious carriers. You know them, of course, but do you realize who and what they are? One of them (may God forbid it) may be sitting across the dinner table from you. The materialist who says of anything spiritual: "It's immaterial—unimportant." Another is the indifferentist who may sit next to you at Mass next Sunday. He's there but he doesn't participate. Better make room for (Continued on Page Four)

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

THE APPARITIONS OF THE MOTHER OF GOD ARE MULTIPLYING . . .

They are even "news" that make the front pages of newspapers. Which, all things considered, is perhaps a good gauge of our strange times, in which men desperately grope for answers to the fear, insecurity, unhappiness, and darkness that surrounds them.

So desperate is that seeking, so frantic is that search, that even "the voice of the world" dares not disregard it . . . and hence reports, though reluctantly, what to many IS the answer.

THE APPARITIONS OF THE MOTHER OF GOD ARE MULTIPLYING . . .

It is as if She—the Mother of us all too—just can't rest. As if She MUST warn us . . . advise us . . . recall us from the bleak, frightening depths we have fallen into, while there IS STILL TIME.

In order to do so, strangely enough, she offers us the slender threads of a ROSARY.

A rosary? Such an ordinary thing! It begins with a Cross, and continues in a circle of steel, silver, gold, or even string, dotted at regular intervals with beads of various substances and hues strung in groups of first three, then ten . . . with a large one in between.

At first sight so childish a thing!

But is it? On the Cross, Christians recite the CREDO, their declaration of Faith and their allegiance to the MOST HOLY TRINITY . . . to THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND HIS SPOUSE THE CHURCH.

Recite it slowly . . . letting each word sink in. For thousands have died for these words and what they stand for . . . and in our uncertain days, it is well to repeat them, so as to know WHY we too may have to die . . . tomorrow, die gallantly, joyously . . . for the love of God and man, even as Christ did.

Next . . . on the first large bead . . . comes the Our Father, the prayer of the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN UNDER THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD . . . the prayer of love, of trust, of hope, of faith . . . the prayer that heals . . . the prayer that answers ALL THE QUESTIONS OUR TRAGIC AGE POSES TO MEN WHO LIVE IN IT.

Three little beads. Three aves. The angelic salutation that brought the Incarnation and the Redemption to this lost earth of ours! It still does, to those who say it with their hearts as well as their lips.

Then there is the beautiful "GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST: AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND EVER SHALL BE" . . . a short prayer that affirms the Credo again and again.

Now the regular decades begin . . . the Our Father, and the ten Hail Mary's . . . the decades and the various mysteries to ponder as one prays.

The repetition, slow and reverend, of these prayers, is not monotonous. It is a companion to our retracing of the life of God, His mother, and His church. A Pilgrimage of love and Faith.

THE APPARITIONS OF THE BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD ARE MULTIPLYING . . .

And every time she holds out the slender thread of a Rosary . . . pleading, asking, demanding, ordering that we say it . . . Perhaps because it is as slender as She, and as strong as the God it prays to . . . and God is love! Is there a chasm deep enough from which love cannot rescue her beloved?

OCTOBER IS THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY . . . LET US PRAY IT DAILY . . . SPANNING THE WORLD WITH ITS SLENDER, UNBREAKABLE STRENGTH . . . LIFTING IT . . . LIFTING IT UP . . . UP . . . TO THE VERY FEET OF GOD.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

For a long time, now, women have urged me, wheedled me, coaxed me, dared me, provoked me, badgered me, and in many other ways sought to induce me, to print a scathing denunciation of men—men who do not enter some Lay Apostolate or other.

"Why," they keep asking me, with voices soft but insistent, "why is it that women have to keep up all the lay apostolates, or most of them, in this country? Why don't the men help? Why, for instance, are there not more men in Friendship House? Why isn't there a male director of some Friendship House unit?" And so forth, and so on, and so lugubrious, and so sorry!

So I ain't going to do it.

About Friendship House—there are plenty of men in the organization. If none of them has become a director, a lot of them have gone higher. They have become brothers or priests; or they have married, and are con-

tinuing apostolates of their own.

They Kick You Around?

"When things are going a little tough, sometimes, it is well to consider that 'the judgments of God are true, justified in themselves,' and that if we are being kicked around a little, that that is as it should be. 'We are His children, the sheep of His pasture,' and He knows what is happening to us. He allows it to happen to us, and so it is Right with a capital R; and just as soon as we realize it is right, then it isn't too hard to take . . .

"One night, as I was going to work at midnight, a taxi discharged a passenger in front of —'s on Main Street. The driver turned, and the lights of his car picked up the brass buttons on my uniform. We officers are in a position either to delay those drivers or speed them on their way; and most of them give us a lift if they know where we are going.

"As this driver pulled away I thought to myself, 'that lad is somewhat lacking in charity.' Happily, I hadn't gone very far before asking myself just who it was that was lacking in charity, he or I; and from there on my thoughts ran about as follows:-

He's Got Shoes

"I have a perfectly good working set of legs. He is under no obligation to pick me up at all. My shoes are good. I haven't even a hole or a darn in my socks to bother me. This walk is not the smoothest I ever saw, but it isn't too bad. My Lord and Savior walked barefoot over much rougher going.

"Soon I reached the church, and had plenty of time to make a few ejaculations. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and as I strolled along, the 18th psalm came to my mind: 'The heavens show forth the glory of God, the firmament declareth the works of His hands, etc.' I had the opportunity of breathing some of God's good clear air; and I reached my destination in a splendid frame of mind.

"Had I been invited to ride, I'd have spent a couple of minutes in a musty cab, would have been whisked by the church so fast I'd have hardly had time to raise my cap in honor of the Real Presence, and would have had an unimportant conversation with the driver, instead of a very important one with God.

Making A Living

"There are several things to be learned from what has just been written; and I'll point out just a few of them.

"First, we often don't know when a person is doing us a favor. I was thankful to that cabbie for having passed me up, because the Holy Ghost was just looking for a chance to dwell in my thoughts at the time—all the time for that matter.

"Second, in the hustle and bustle of making a living, too few of us spend enough time alone, when such thoughts might be invited.

"Third, the psalms are the most weighty and most beautiful poetry ever composed, and in the consideration of them, the Holy Ghost is liable to fill our minds with thoughts the like of which we could never hope to give birth to by ourselves,

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The B's Corner

Did I ever tell how much I love you? Perhaps I never did. But writing and publishing a little paper like RESTORATION, is quite different to working on a big one. There is a hominess in it, a feeling of writing for friends, sharing with them all the day by day big and little things that happen in the life of The Lay Apostolate. One almost feels as if one were visiting beloved friends, talking over a cozy cup of tea by a wood fire.

Then there are the letters YOU write us. Precious letters, telling us how and why you enjoyed that article, or this. Asking us questions about something that puzzled you in a third one. Requesting us to tell you about some spiritual verity that particularly interests you. Telling us also about yourself, your family, your work, or some of the thousand little things of your life that brings you closer to us.

Growing Bonds

Slowly we get to really know our readers. Slowly too, the bonds of friendship between us grow, and mature into deep and lasting affection. This is the joy of editors, and writers of all the "Little Papers" published for the Lord.

Mutually we help each other on our way to Him. Carrying each other's burdens. Take, for instance, the letter I got some months ago. From a busy mother.

It was a particularly trying day for me. Our summer school was at its peak. Our Pastor had a picnic. I was the cook (and have been such here for years, besides my many other duties) cooking for thirty-three hungry young folks, and at the same time trying to fulfill Father's requirements for the picnic, the highlight of his year, at which he makes such money as will carry him through. All this on a hot day, and over a WOOD-BURNING STOVE, was getting me down.

Picnic Ingredients

Father's list read: SIX PIES . . . A LARGE CAKE . . . THREE DOZEN COOKIES . . . SIX LOAVES OF HOME MADE BREAD . . . TWO DOZEN HOME MADE BUNS . . . PLUS PICKLES, CATCHUP, GREEN VEGETABLES, AND CARROTS, ETC. . . TO BE TAKEN OUT OF THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Tired and hot, I was wondering how and why I ever got myself mixed up with the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style! Then Eddie brought the mail. Glad of a valid excuse to leave the roasting kitchen, I went into the cool living room to read it.

First to be opened was the letter from the mother of nine. Artlessly and joyously she reported, the good news about her expectation of a tenth . . . hoping it would be another boy. Then, utterly unself-consciously, she went on to report a heat wave, and all she had to do during it.

List of Jobs

Before my weary eyes rose the picture of mounds of washing. Of a house too small for the family. Of constant picking-up and tidy-

(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

A knock at the front door of Madonna House may mean so many things!

It may be a neighbor coming in for a visit which brings joy and relaxation from the constant round of duties to be done. It may be someone in need of clothing. It may be someone in need of help, medicine, or medical attention. And it may be a friend from afar, coming to spend a week, a month, or more, with us.

But it also may mean a call to a miracle. A miracle as old as the earth, yet eternally new! The miracle of the birth of a new soul.

Though I love all knocks at Madonna House's front door . . . I love the last one best. For here, far away from the centres of so-called civilization, far away from hospitals, and even, in a manner of speaking, far away from the doctors, women give birth in their own homes.

Strange Holiness

There is a strange holiness in the whole proceeding. For me it begins with the ride. Always I have my nurse's kit ready, plus a large valise, packed for just such an emergency. A rush change into my white uniform, and I am ready.

The husband drives fast. We talk little. He is occupied with the road and his thoughts. I watch the night sky, and note with an ever-renewed wonder the beauty of trees at all seasons etched in a thousand designs against it. My thoughts are of God. Of His infinite goodness. Of the fact that, unworthy as I am, in a moment or two I shall see His most august handiwork—a small little helpless child — born of man, woman, and Himself.

This child may become a great saint. He could do great things for his fellow men. But above all — this is a child whose soul is worth the price of Christ's death!

Silent Night

The beauty of it all, the night, the swift ride along the winding and fragrant road, and the forthcoming new life, begins to sing in my heart. I understand better the beautiful psalm sung by the three young men in a fiery furnace. For indeed, the trees, the water, the skies, the earth, and all flying and swimming and otherwise moving things, including the animals in the silent bush . . . do praise the Lord.

Slowly my soul joins in this silent, magnificent, infinite chorus of praise. Suddenly the car stops. And we are there.

How beautiful is the simple home of a farmer! Usually, children cluster around a big warm stove, half asleep, half awake. An oil lamp sheds its soft light on the scene. But I have little time to admire it. No one hereabouts calls a nurse early enough to give her time to act according to Hoyle, or according to NURSES' PROCEDURE. No, they don't do that; hence from the moment of arrival to the moment of the baby's first cry, there is, for me, a mad rush.

If Doctor Comes

I look at the mother, and make her comfy. I see how much time I have left, make sure there is enough hot water to boil my instruments and the doctor's — IF HE patient slowly develops into

COMES IN TIME.

I must make sure where all things needed for mother and baby are. Sometime that takes "a lot of doing." For the mother, in her pain and excitement, has forgotten where she put things, and no one else usually knows either.

Somehow, nine times out of ten, all things get done. Then, maybe, there is a moment left to take a deep breath, and to whisper a short prayer that all would be well with mother and child, that the doctor will get here in time, and that, if he doesn't, I will manage, with the help of the Blessed Mother, St. Mark, St. Gerard, patron of expectant mothers, and of course Blessed Martin de Porres, who was a great doctor in his day. There is time too, to pin a Sacred Heart badge on the pillow, and to sprinkle the room with holy water, just to help things along.

On The Other Hand

Occasionally, though, there is NO TIME for any of these things. There is only time to concentrate all my faculties on the job at hand. Centering all attention on it . . . so as to become oblivious to everything else.

Suddenly it is all over. The cry of the new born baby fills the room. The mother lies still, exhausted yet happy. In a moment, wrapped in a warm blanket, the child is in my arms.

I always cherish that instant. There is about it all the immensity of heaven and earth and the eternity above it. I know I have witnessed a miracle of God. I realize that I hold that miracle in my arms. All of me stands still, in a strange recollection and joy.

The moment passes only too soon. But its memory stays, blessing and healing many sorrows and pains.

And now there is the pleasant duty of cleaning things up, making mother and child comfortable, seeing that the room is in order, showing the baby to the happy father . . . and to the starry-eyed brothers and sisters.

About The Doctor

Usually the doctor is present. Now he relaxes too. And slowly he goes about the routine business of gathering up his effects, even as I do mine.

There is no hurry. We are both tired but it does not matter much. He would not wish it otherwise. For only a man dedicated to his vocation as well as to his profession would be a doctor in this distant northland — or in any other remote rural area.

And I am loathe to leave the place where God has wrought His ever new yet constant miracle of life. There comes the refreshing hot cup of tea, and golden brown toast made over the wood stove and its hot embers, good farm butter spread on thick, and home-made preserves that still contain the fragrance of the field and garden.

Everyone settles to rest. The neighbor who will be there for a week takes over. I will come again tomorrow or the day after, fully aware of the privilege that is mine, fully cognizant of the joy, the gladness that God permits me to share.

A Nurse Is A Friend

These nurse's visits to her

deep friendships. We are all neighbors around here. The family may live ten or twelve miles, or more, away from Madonna House. They may be way out in the bush, or near a main highway, or off a twisting country road . . . still we are all a big family. It is that way in the country. We are all a big family — and we grow in charity.

As the years speed by "my babies" grow. I have quite a few already in the three and a half years I have been in Combermere. They are very precious to me. I watch them grow with deep interest. And why shouldn't I who helped them (a wee bit) to come into the world?

Yes, it is an infinite and glorious privilege to be of service, thus, to my fellow men, in this far off portion of the Lord's vineyard. Nor does it matter that at times I have to go miles by horse-drawn sleighs in subzero temperatures, or ride over bumpy bush roads. No. Nothing like that matters. No price is too high to pay for the privilege of witnessing the ever recurring miracle of birth. ALLELUIA!

The Agony In the Garden

By Caryll Houselander

By your heaviness and fear in Gethsemane,
comfort the oppressed
and those who are afraid.

By Your loneliness,
facing the Passion
while the Apostles slept,
comfort those who face
evil alone

while the world sleeps.
By Your persistent prayer,
in anguish of anticipation,
strengthen those
who shrink from the un-

known.

By Your humility,
taking comfort of angels,
give us grace to help
and to be helped by each
other,
and in each other
to comfort You,
Jesus Christ.



And blessed be he who gave the manger shape

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)
ing. Of the three-year-old having a cold, and the seven-year-old a sore throat. Of the party she gave for the birthday of the six-year-old, with all the children of the block present!

I blushed, ashamed of my discontent, of the strange thoughts of a moment ago. That is what I mean when I speak of the blessings that come, the help that arrives from readers to the writers of a Little Paper of God.

I could go on and on, indefinitely, weaving tales of beauty and love. But you understand now why I love You. For you are not only our readers, you are our friends, advisers, helpers, benefactors.

Daily I lift each one of you separately and all together, to the Lord in Mass. Daily too I remember you before His throne, in Church.

Thus you have become part and parcel of the Friendship House Outer Circle, and hence, also part of our little Lay Apostolic family.

May we all grow in love and grace and numbers through the years the Lord

COMMUNION

By Catherine de Vinck

Humiliated down to our carnal hunger,
Thou givest Thyself again,
my Christ;

Between my lips, I seize
Thee, and partake of Thee.
I have nothing to give in exchange but mine own self:

This weight of earth,
This tarnished soul,
This mockery of love too large for mine own measure,

Dragging it's reluctant wings.

This very day, as Thou knowest,
I shall have denied Thee a hundred times,

I shall have buried Thee beneath the noise of the crowd.

Thou shalt be exposed in me as in a public market,
Where people will laugh at Thine own self, Thy ragged cloak,

Thy bonds, Thy thorns.

And still, my Christ, today do I ask of Thee,

Thyself.

Desperately feeling my unworthiness and my poverty,

With the piercing knowledge of Thy merciful and imploring Love,

While my whole being rebels against my insufficiency,
I beseech Thee, come again today!

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)
been raised to such a level that the old Hudson Bay Post, the camp-sites, and the shoreline trails, now lie beneath the flood. The lake once eight miles away now washes the bastions of the bridge on our main street.

The river bank in our village used to be the burial place of the itinerant Indian or hapless river driver, of nearly a century ago, who was overcome by the angry waters of the Madawaska. The graves, row on row, bore silent testimony to the perilous life of trapper, guide, or lumber-jack. These monuments have been covered over and only the swells on a man-made lake chant a mournful requiem for a stout-hearted race, now almost extinct.

Priest's Rapids, at the junction of the Madawaska and Opeongo Rivers (once the terror of the canoeist and the stumbling block of the raftsmen) has ceased its tumbling flight and lies calm, serene, beneath the surface of a placid lake. According to the red man's tradition this is truly a hallowed spot.

A Sudden Pull

A hundred years ago, two missionaries coming down the Opeongo River from the Algonquin chain of lakes and the Indian stations there, were surprised by the sudden pull of the rapids, caught in the whirlpool, and drawn down to their deaths along with their Indian guide.

The race these intrepid spiritual legionaries administered to has almost vanished from these uplands, but the murmuring flood of Priest's Rapids, during the long years, tried to tell of the sacrifices the missionaries made. Now, only the sighing pines on the slope nearby are left to whisper the glories and the tragedies of the past.

Nineteen years takes a big bite out of any man's life, especially if he has lived that period in one place. I have been pastor here that long. I have witnessed too the utter destruction of all that was accomplished, in a material way, for eleven years. Our work went the same way as the marks that the pioneers and early missionaries left. Destroyed . . . wiped out in one blow . . .

No Entrance Now

I wandered one day to the site of our former church and gazed on what we might call the grave, the newly formed grave, of former parochial glory. The pathways leading up to the main entrance and to my quarters, are there yet, yet there is no longer an entrance to anything. Even the foundations have been razed, and the place where the church used to be, filled in. A strange and bewildered feeling came over me as I walked those well-worn footpaths only to find that they led nowhere.

Lost in deep reverie, with an ache in my heart, the thought came to me that a similar sense of futility must dog the footsteps of many in this chaotic century of ours. And what are they doing about it?

I strode away from the tomb of my former parish church, squared my shoulders, and set my jaw. A fresh resolve seemed to put new rhythm into my step . . . God willing, I would carry on . . .

A mile ahead the new church stood proudly on an eminence, bathed in the splendor of the afternoon sun.

There we have it . . . out of the ashes of our former dreams a new hope rises in God's benediction.

Tony and Martin

By Anthony Constable

Let me tell you about my second pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Albert.

The Surette boys once again were my companions, and splendid company they were. We prepared our trip with a novena to Blessed Martin de Porres, and everything went along in tip top shape. Though we walked five of the thirteen miles we arrived in plenty of time for the out-door Mass. Our big surprise came in obtaining a ride to the Shrine.

The sun was becoming quite warm, and as we walked, and trotted, we talked and sang songs fitting to our pilgrimage. We even made up little prayers such as: "Blessed Martin, get us a ride, pains are growing in our side." Or "Blessed Martin, help us quick, before we get good and sick." Or, "Blessed Martin, hear us pray, get us a ride without delay; not another car must pass, or else we will be late for Mass."

A car! Up go our thumbs. The brakes screech. And a woman speaks. "Hop right in boys." Then, "Where are you bound for?"

We Enlighten A Lady
"On a pilgrimage to Saint Albert's," we enlighten our friend.

"A long ways to hike," she remarks. "You boys put me to shame. Here I am with a car and plenty of time, still I never gave it a thought. I'm not a very good Catholic, am I?"

She was most generous, I'd say, for she gave us a ride right up to the Shrine, situated high up on a very steep hill.

The day was perfect and a large crowd assembled, which made the Oblate Fathers, in charge, go around with great big beaming smiles. The outdoor Mass was a most remarkable sight—it was my first. I can still see, in the crowd, many men and women with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, praying the Rosary. I can still hear the responses, as the Officiator cried out, "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for our boys! Saint Bernadette, pray for peace!"

The blessing of the sick was a most solemn occasion, as everyone seemed to hold his breath in expectancy of what might occur. Then a procession formed behind the Blessed Sacrament, and beautiful hymns rang out as we made our way to the church. There all came to a perfect ending with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A Cone And A Car
As we took our leave I looked back at the great edifice and said to my companions, "This is my second pilgrimage, I'll be back again next year."

At the bottom of the hill we stopped for an ice cream cone, and as we left the store we repeated our pre-composed prayer.

A car! Up go our thumbs. The brakes screech. A woman's voice. "Hop right in boys."

You've guessed it. There was our friend just returning from her journey. Or was she an angel in disguise? Anyhow we arrived back at the camp in time to attend Benediction, in thanksgiving for all the wonderful blessings.

Pride of Race

By Lucie Lamperto

How proud it were to be Caucasian
Of the ruling white race,
Could one but prove we have a
corner
On the virtues or the grace!



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)
thoughts which keep us steady, not only in the unimportant things such as I just mentioned, but in the really trying things of life.

And the Shut-ins

"In thinking back on that incident I just related, or partly related, I recall also having thought of the shut-ins who would have been delighted to walk that far, and of how ungrateful I was for the strength to do so. You can see now why I am so delighted that you find the Hours pleasing."

That's the letter!

And you mean to tell me this man is an "outlaw"? Or that he's one of those you just can't club into some apostolate like Friendship House or the Catholic Worker?

Nonsense! There's more sanctity in that man than you'll find in many a recognized organization. And there are lots of other men like him in the United States and Canada, whether you suspect it or not.

I should write about men? Sister, I ain't going to do it. I done did it.

RESTORATION

A SPELLBOUND VISITOR

(Continued from Page One)
him to get out at the Post Communion — and say a prayer that his eyes may see. Or perhaps it's a co-worker. The one who translates every event and interprets every remark, makes every move in terms of the big capital "I." Or maybe you or I are carriers without realizing it.

Imagine! Weak and puny, yet we can keep God outside. God who sustains us—every moment — now and forever.

But imagine something much more tremendous. We, weak and puny can contain God within us. We can see Christ in others when we think and act as if Christ was in us. That's the F.H. way of life. That's the reality.

To me it is a door which will open at the gentlest touch. But I must cross the room to open it and be prepared to leave the big capital "I" on this side. Pray for me.



Madonna House:

Prime

(for Catherine Doherty)
By Bob Lax

The streams have lifted up, O Lord,
The streams have lifted up their voices,

And tall green pines rise up like prayer
Along the hill and pierce the sky.

The woods have lifted up, O Lord,
The woods have lifted up their voices;

Their early morning song is sung,
The dew is lifted from the field;

And from our souls
The songs rise up
Like dew,
Like mist,
To praise the Lord.

The tent of sky
Is Mary's veil,
The tabernacle of the sun;
The mothering blue
Of this clear air
Is like a song,
Is like a prayer
To Mary's Son
In tent of sky,
Whose eyes embrace us
From on high.

O Lord, whose look is contemplation,
Enfold us with the eyes of grace:
To us who search the soul's dark night
Bring dawn of love;
Show us thy face.

The streams have lifted up their voices,
The woods have pierced the silent air:
We in the Mother's House at Prime
Sing now a new and ancient prayer.

1910 only a nominal help comes to aid the bishops in India. From this, an extremely small sum goes to every mission in the diocese. We receive from our bishop only \$11 a month—to support this vast mission field! Hence we are always in trouble; and always in want."

Her address? Mother Jeanette, F.D.C.C., St. Philomena's Convent, Poonthoray, Trivandrum, S. India.

Can you imagine what the gift of \$5 would mean to that convent? Or even less than that? Send it today. Tomorrow you will have forgotten.



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